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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 29, 1913

ALEX. LANGE, SCAPEGOAT.
Endorsement by the Tribune of Harvey Rostiser, the democratic nominee for city clerk, is a deserved tribute to a conscientious and efficient official.
Likewise the ditching of Alex. Lange, the bar tender nominee of the citizens' party, whom Keller and the Tribune brought into the race, was to be expected, when it was discovered that he was a bar tender, and that he had been the man who "framed" things in the West End for Keller to win.
Lange is the scapegoat.
The Tribune will doubtless continue to support Fred Keller, the man who got the benefit of Lange's old line political methods, so heartily condemned by the citizens' leaders—indeed the man who directed them. But Lange is the goat.
Fred Keller, the respectable "front" of the machine tactics, which friends of Dixon W. Place and John A. Swygart characterized as worse than Tammany's—will continue to stand as the representative of purity in politics. Lange, the man who followed orders, nay, the man who perhaps more than any single man in South Bend was responsible for Keller's nomination, for the 100 or 200 votes he turned to his chief if thrown elsewhere would have made another man the nominee—Lange is cast out.
Lange of course hasn't any particular protest coming. The machine tactics that made Keller's nomination possible had no place in a primary where perhaps a majority of the men who voted believed that they were voting to bring in an era of clean government and non-partisan politics. Lange played the old game he had always known—even though he played it under directions. Such politics have no place in a pure-politics campaign.
But the throw down of Lange to the men whom he helped seems rather cold blooded—even though it was good policy.
Likewise it is a good principle of law, dating back to the old common law that the principal is responsible for the act of his agent.
On this theory if Lange is reprehensible, Keller is equally so.
If Lange is kicked out of the party, Keller should be kicked out. It meets no conception of fairness between man and man to punish the man who obeyed orders and exalt the man who authorized the giving of them.

A TRUE PROPHECY.
Following up his prophecy of several years ago concerning vacant seats in the senate Sen. LaFollette has warned Sen. Gallinger and others of his type that a like fate awaits them if they do not mend their ways.
Sen. LaFollette's prophecies of the past were based on the same premises of those of the present, that senators and representatives in congress are chosen by the people to protect their interests and are answerable to the people for their conduct. This is a new conception the old autocrats of the senate find it hard to accommodate themselves to, but Sen. LaFollette says they must do it or get out and precedent seems to prove that he is right.
The new era is a decided innovation. It comprehends a restoration of democracy in government. The centralization, idea which made representatives of the people dictators instead of dependents has been done away with. Members of congress are again and perhaps more than ever before servants of the people. It requires an occasional reminder from Pres. Wilson and such men as LaFollette to keep them from forgetting their proper relation, but the necessity for this is becoming gradually less and less as the old members are displaced by new ones.
Another idea that is disappearing is that long service in the senate or house of representatives is desirable. We have experienced the evil effects of it and are beginning to see them. We doubt that there will be any more Bentons or Culloms in the United States senate. Rotation in office is the salvation of our institutions.

DISGRACE TO THE STATE.
It is a serious reflection on the civil officers of the state of Indiana that three times within ten years the governor has been compelled to call out the national guard to enforce the law against racetrack gambling. It is no less a reflection on the citizens of the northwestern part of the state that in each instance the failure of civil officers to do their duty was due to public sentiment against interference.
For the sake of the money the Chicago gamblers spend in the community the people of Porter county are willing to subject the state of Indiana to the disgrace of permitting racetrack gambling to be carried on within its borders and the state made a dumping ground for the vicemongers and criminal classes of a big city.
It is not desirable to be driven to the necessity of calling out

an armed force to enforce the law, but fortunately on each occasion Indiana has had a governor with the conscientious sense of duty and courage to resort to this heroic measure. Gov. Matthews, Gov. Marshall and Gov. Ralston each proved himself equal to the emergency.
With the racetrack closed and the gamblers departed the next step should be to deal with the delinquent civil officers of Porter county, of whom the prosecuting attorney seems to be the head center. Men elected to office who will not do their duty should be relieved of their official authority.

ORDERED BETTER ABROAD.
"We did not see a drunken man or woman, an over-worked, starved-looking child, a street full of holes or any unneeded land."
So writes one of the delegation of American engineers who recently made an inspection tour of industrial Germany. He saw other things which are like a glimpse into fairyland. For instance:
"There are no street corner loafers. The German railroads do not attempt to prohibit but promote water and electric competition. The managers of German railroads are efficient engineers—not lawyers prized for their skill in evading and nullifying laws to protect the public interest. There are no contributions by the invisible government as we have in the United States. No doubt there were things with respect to which the comparison wouldn't go so badly against us; things which, on a hurried trip, a well-steered delegation doesn't always see.
But if Germany can do the foregoing as described, it means just so much new hope and incentive for Americans, who, let's assume, won't long be content with inferior rating.

The race course promoters at Mineral Springs may kick and protest and threaten all they like, but they might just as well pack up and go home. They are outside the protection of the law when they permit gambling and the presence of the troops insures that gambling must stop. Gov. Ralston gave them every chance to run the meet in a clean way.

How easy it is to be deceived by the professions of those who are supposed to be sincere is being discovered by followers of the Tribune-Happ-Keller combination.
Thaw is enjoying the novelty of being tried by a court which he believes is fair. In the end he may discover that the difference lies in the circumstances.

The joint statement made by Mr. Swygart and Mr. Place seems to carry its own reason for not appearing in black faced type on the first page of the Tribune.
Such men as D. W. Place and John A. Swygart have no patience with the contemptible methods of the Keller gang. They wash their hands of the whole proceeding.

The so-called citizens' movement is being rapidly reduced to its last analysis, which reveals one part Tribune, on part Happ and one part Keller as the residue.
Suddenly the source of war interest is transferred to Indiana. But there will be neither bloodshed nor occasion for international interference.

Harvey Rostiser, despite the handicap of Tribune support, may be elected this fall. For he is popular, efficient, and a good campaigner.
Little respect can be felt for burglars who are so little schooled in their own business as to take plated silverware.
About the only court that Herbie Warner is likely to have any connection with is the tennis court.

Congratulations to Messrs. Swygart, Place and Copp on their escape from evil associations.
Mr. Huerta seems to be slipping, a little at a time.
The late August fly is an easy mark.

WALNUT GROVE.
Mrs. John Dunn and Miss Anna Cover of South Bend visited Mrs. Ralph H. Lydick Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mikesell, Walter, Ray and Charles Mikesell, Jr., of Lydick were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Lydick last Sunday.
Chester Fink of South Bend spent a few days with friends here last week.
H. Monroe Hardman and son Everett of South Bend called on Arthur Stroup Thursday evening.
Mrs. J. A. Stroup and family spent Friday with Mrs. Chas. Mikesell of Lydick, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lydick visited Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fink of South Bend Sunday afternoon.
Chas. Sellers was here on business last Monday.
Mrs. Emma Matthews and daughter Mable and Mrs. Bertha Richter visited Miss Sadie Rough Friday afternoon.

THE MELTING POT

AT that the enjoyment of the music of a good band is not heightened by the raucous, discordant squawking of a score or more automobile horns. Aside from the commercial aspect the purpose of the Saturday evening concert is to afford the public an opportunity to hear good music and be entertained at a time when they have the leisure to enjoy it.
Besides, it is unlawful, or should be, to make or cause to be made, loud and unusual noises, which jar the ears and distress the mind of the public.
As a means of expression of appreciation of real music, the automobile horn is our idea of the negligible.
THREE bingles in a row scored three counts in the first inning for Thaw. Jerome is scouting for pinch hitters.
DEPARTURE of the troops for Mineral Springs has stimulated the veterans of the Robey war to fight their battles over again. Veteran Fred Loughman recalls with mingled emotions the parting word his father save him when he left for the front.
WITH the organized press humorists holding their annual chamber of sorrow at Peoria the papers are quite readable.
A Little Verse.
The only word that rhymes with oyster.
We can call to mind is royster.
So let us royster as we may.
The oyster is only two days away.
If other countries follow the ex-

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN
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(Continued from yesterday.)
CHAPTER IV.
A Man Who Laughs.

"What will become of me?" wailed Mrs. Moore to Rosalie Le Grange. And Rosalie forebore at first to answer, for the ultimate destiny of Mrs. Moore appeared, indeed, black and uncertain.
Not that undulation and gnashing of teeth meant anything in her case. Weeping, for her was the oil on the wheels of life. She went to the butcher failed to bring the lamb chops, when she was moved by song, when she compared the luxuries of Madame Le Grange's house to the bare necessities of her own. Still, in this instance, she had cause for grief. The police, having ransacked, measured, and photographed the Moore boarding-house to the limit of their imagination, pronounced after four days that Mrs. Moore must bring her establishment back. But when Mrs. Moore notified the boarders, she met the expected. Miss Harding, for example, declared that she was going to let well enough alone. After what had happened she could never sleep in that place again. When Mrs. Moore melted to tears, Miss Harding grew peppery. If Mrs. Moore wanted to know, it was toward getting anything else, which kept her at Mrs. Le Grange's. She had boarded in ten separate and distinct places in New York, and never before did she see a place where you couldn't use the towel for a pocket-handkerchief. Miss Jones, her echo in everything, endorsed her sentiments, adding that Mrs. Le Grange's coffee was coffee.
Professor Noll was more courteous, but just as firm. He had already indicated his intention by getting permission from the police to move his collection. When Mrs. Moore interviewed him, he was tacking on the wall a six-foot Japanese kakemono. He was sorry, but the greater variety of menu at Mrs. Le Grange's helped him to practise the principles of scientific alimentation. If Mrs. Moore would listen to his former advice and reorganize her catering on the scientific plan, he could guarantee her a houseful of his disciples. Otherwise, he preferred to stay where he was. Mr. North, just out of jail, had not put in an appearance. Mrs. Moore did not even attempt to see Miss Estrilla. That lady was worse, a great deal worse. Besides the old trouble with her optic nerve, she had a kind of nervous prostration due to the shock. There had been talk of a trained nurse; but Rosalie Le Grange waved that proposal aside. She herself carried up the invalid's meals, attended to bandages and medicines, kept order in her room. Mrs. Moore had no offering to counterbalance that.
Instead of floppy and humble old person that she was—Mrs. Moore sought her successful rival, begging quarter.
"What can I do—what is going to become of me?" she repeated.
Rosalie Le Grange pulled out a chair and gently pushed Mrs. Moore into it.
"Now let's talk this over sensible," she said. "It certainly does look as if I'd played it low on you, getting your boarders away. You can't blame me for offering my place that night. Neither can you blame me if they want to stay. I haven't asked them to."
Here Mrs. Moore showed a shade of mushy resentment.
"You set a better table than I can set at the price they pay," she said. "You can't keep that up. If that ain't getting them away from me—"
"You rent your house, don't you?" inquired Rosalie Le Grange.
"Yes," replied Mrs. Moore, dabbing her eyes.
"Rent it furnished?"
"Yes."
"Has it been full lately?"
"No. I've had room for four more all spring and summer. Times are dreadful hard—"
Mrs. Moore ceased to weep for herself and dropped a tear over the whole state of the body politic.
"You haven't made much money then?"
"Money!" sobbed Mrs. Moore, breaking out afresh on her own account. "I scarcely keep soul and body together—I barely hold a roof over my head."
"It hasn't occurred to you, I guess," said Rosalie Le Grange, "that I own this house and furniture. I haven't got any rent to pay. Moreover, with this Mrs. Hanks and Miss Lane, who came in unexpected, an' some per-

HERE IN A CASE OF THE BITER BITTEN

Man Who Attempts to Swindle a Grocer is Out \$5 and Fails to Get Money.

In an attempt to swindle William Bueche, a grocery man at 416 E. Howard st., the real thief an unknown man, is \$5 short as a result of his efforts to extricate himself from prosecution.
Early Thursday morning a stranger came into the Bueche store and asked for a ten dollar bill, saying he wished to give a number of ones for it. The grocer gave him the bill, but the stranger found he did not have but nine dollars in change, but saying he would be back in a minute he placed the \$10 bill in an envelope and threw it on the counter and went out to get the other dollar.
In the mixup that purposely occurred the envelopes were exchanged and the stranger man walked off with the bill, leaving an envelope on the counter. The real motive of the stranger's visit finally dawned on the grocer and opening the envelope he found only a handful of brown paper.
He hurried out and accidentally run on to his offender at Lowell st. He got his money and the thief gave him five additional dollar bills for not prosecuting. The grocer did not notify the police until late in the afternoon. The unknown man had a black suit on, was about 28 years of age, nearly six foot tall, with a soft felt hat and pink tie and was riding a black frame bicycle.

THE PROPER PARTY.
By Berton Braley.
There was something to do.
So I went to the man
Who had time and enough
To do it.
And I said to him, "you
Can help with my plan—
It's right up to snuff—
Go to it!"
But he said to me, "oh,
I have burdens of care.
So many they make
Me dizzy.
I'd help you, you know,
But I simply can't spare
The time it will take—
I'm busy."

Then I went to the chap
Who was rushed with his job,
And who labored in sleep
Amid it.
And he said to me, "cap,
I'm as busy as Bob,
But—you leave it to me!
He did it!"
And the moral is plain:
When you want a thing done
And some one to snap
Right to it,
You'll bother in vain
With the lethargic one—
Get the busiest chap
To do it!

OPERATE ON FLYNN.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 29.—William Flynn, progressive leader, is considerably improved at the West Pennsylvania hospital, following a major operation performed several weeks ago.

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